

New York's Spooning Places By Clyde Ludwick

No. 1—Central Park.

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SOMEWHERE in this world world there is a hallowed spot where love reigns supreme. It is in Central Park. Just across the Natural Bridge that leads you over the ravine south of the Shakespearean Garden, and you will have entered the Dominion of King Cupid.

There are tall trees and screening undergrowth and babbling brooks and little bridges; and there are places carpeted with lily, and there are blossoming plants where bees and butterflies go to sip honey.

There are cozy corners and rustic furniture, and there can be heard birds singing in symphony and soft sighs and hushed voices.

There are smiling faces and throbbing hearts, for there are lovers!

There are fair lovers who have found the little window through which we, the human kind, can glimpse into Heaven.

There are foolish lovers who do not speak their love, but wait for better days—which may never come.

There are stranger lovers who sit apart and smile, and stately lovers strolling arm in arm.

There are stalwart men with robust girls, and there are pale and paled pairs.

There are old lovers, and young and middle-aged.

Oh, there is no telling the things that love will count perfect!

Old lovers in that domicile never scold. They never say, "It was not so in other days." When you see a man of sixty kiss the withered hand of his blushing companion, do not be too sure

that it is a budding romance. He may have kissed her just as tenderly every day for half a century or more.

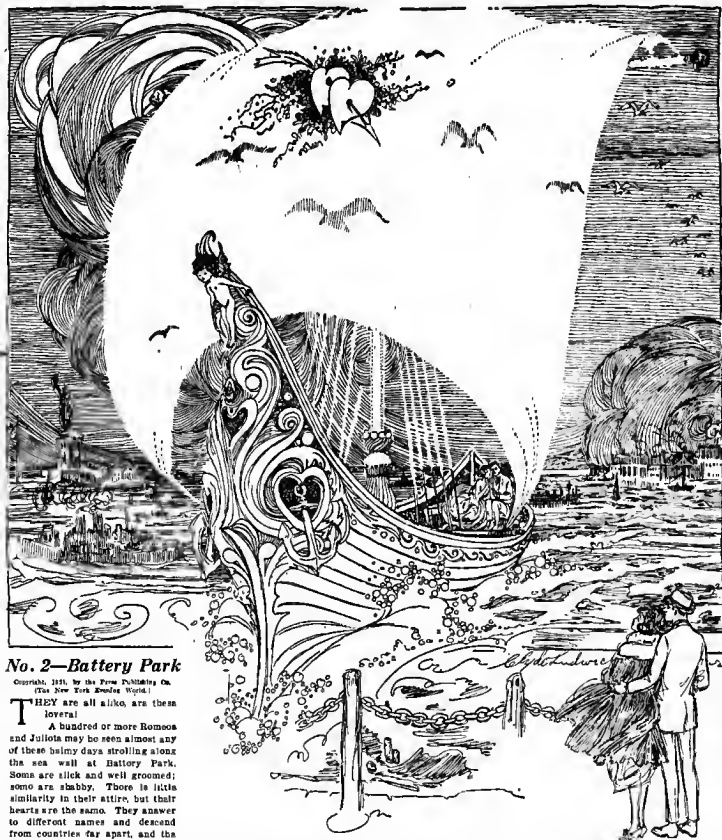
Love is eternal!

There little boys and girls playing in the brook or strolling hand in hand down a rugged pathway never titter when they see a big sister's beau give her a kiss—they seem to understand.

Indeed, the etiquette of the place is perfect! Sometimes I think that even the patrolmen see and see not, although it is not the custom of the police.

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No. 2—Battery Park

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THEY are all alike, are these lovers!

A hundred or more Romeo and Juliots may be seen almost any of these busy days strolling along the sea wall at Battery Park. Some are slick and well groomed; some are shabby. There is little similarity in their attire, but their hearts are the same. They answer to different names and descend from countries far apart, and the words they say are not at all alike, yet they speak one tongue—it is the language of love.

Some of the lovers are from comfortable families. They are confident and contented.

Some are from the immigrant class, and have hardly found their calling here; they are, probably,

selling kindling wood and ice and coal by the scuttle from a cellar in some tenement district.

Other lovers are tradespeople and artisans, who are industrious and prosperous and ambitious; and some of the lovers are our own soldier boys and sailors.

It matters not who they may be,

or from whence they come—love and lovers have one aim, one purpose. They build homes and keep them.

When next you go sightseeing and turn to look upon the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island from afar, and linger to contemplate the docks and barges and pleasure-

seeking vessels ploughing their way through the restless waves, look a while with the lovers upon a fairer scene.

They, with love's eyes, peer through a rosy mist and behold grandeur and beauty and wonder untold, a phantom ship upon life's sea, bearing them on to Eternity.

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No. 3—Morningside . Park

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LOVERS here, lovers there, lovers, lovers everywhere! Beneath the blue sky, tucked in among the foliage, in the shadow of the quiet Cathedral, young, trusting and earnest they plight their troth.

Youth's tender buds have blossomed, they are children no more; they are men and women—you can find them by the dozens in

twos on the park benches, on the stone stairs or strolling along the walks, forgetful of all the world, remembering only the fair one by their side.

Blushingly they open their hearts to each other, and in confidence lay bare treasured ideals, stored up through childhood. Proudly they count each truth they find there, and conclude the summing up with "I am the luckiest man (or woman) in the world."

They have many illusions, they seem to see stretching before them a path strewn with sweet flowers leading to all the heights of happiness. They see themselves two perfect beings pursuing the path and treading upon the

roses. They see no fatigue, no hungering of hearts, no fears. They say, "Oh, life, how beautiful is thy day!"

As time goes on and they are well embarked they will encounter many difficulties. Many obstacles will stand in their way, and much effort will be required to surmount them. There will be sorrows and hurts and needs.

Where they look for roses they will also find thorns.

But when the journey is well nigh ended, when life's evening has come and the lovers turn to look again upon the weary way, they will see each kind deed, each heartache, each hurt and effort blossoming in glorified array.

Sweet love, how wonderful is thy way!



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No. 4.—Grand Central Terminal



"GOODBY, dear; give me a kiss. There! I've missed my train!"

Such is the chorus of exclamations heard about Grand Central Station at train time.

"Lovers!" you say—not at all safe.

The train that was missed was not a locomotive, speeding along steel rails, as you might imagine. It was a different kind of a train. It does not travel very fast at any time and slows down decidedly every time a girl gives a fellow a kiss. That train was bound for *Sinister Blessedness*. The lovers who missed it were fortunate, for it was not at all safe. It was loaded with loneliness, and it was liable to be wrecked at any min-

ute. It never got anybody anywhere, anyway!

The lovers grumped about the information desk are seeking information—truly—one could not doubt it. There is a searching look on their faces and they seem anxious and restless. The information they want is not about trains. Oh, no! It is about some sweet girl's affection.

How much does she like him?
Has any other fellow a better right to her time?

How long must he wait?
Information about a hundred such important things is really urgent.

Then there is the waiting room. Comfortable? Not at all. There are good seats and bright lights and drinking fountains.

Who ever heard of one being comfortable in a waiting room? Waiting always means anxiety, uneasiness and most times it means dread and fears. And the lovers waiting there experience all of those emotions and many other indescribable feelings. It is consoling to be together, and to feel an arm around your waist is reassuring. Still one must wait. She is not at all sure that he loves her; all the pretty things that he said

might be, after all, just small talk. Suppose it was—oh!—but then a girl must always wait until she is asked.

It is bliss to be near her, her arm is looped through his most tenderly; but she is the clinging vine type—that might be just her way. Suppose she did not love him after all? To not quickly might spoil everything. One must wait.

All the while travellers—business men, older men and women who have forgotten their own younger days and others going on some important journey—are wishing that all the lovers who "jam up things" were safely tucked away on a matrimonial train and were speeding to happiness ever after.

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No. 5—Bronx Park.

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KISSES are little bridges over yearning hearts that lead on to understanding, and in Bronx Park there are bridges and bridges. No one can more appreciate their beauty than do the lovers. And oh, what a wonderful park it is for them, especially on holidays!

The curving bridge over the river has nothing for beauty on the kiss-bridges. Stones and rivers and architecture are wonderful, but more wonderful are hearts and lips and kisses.

To be sure, much depends on your

point of view. Looking upstream, the hidden view is perfect—the bridge bows over kisses.

The river and reflects, making almost a circle.

Looking downstream, its beauty is another thing, and one looks away.

Good architecture makes the beauty of the bridge. Good fellowship makes the beauty of the kisses.

If one should visit Bronx Park, though he saw all the wonderful trees and the river and the architecture and the animals, the wild birds and little deer, and flowers, and saw not a pair of lovers or a single kiss, he would feel that there was something lacking, that somehow man had been left out of the scheme of things.

Fear not, man was not forgotten.

And the proof of it is evident.

There are lovers a-plenty in Bronx Park.

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No. 6—The Public Library.

AMONG those seeking knowledge there are many who seek love. The Public Library is frequented by many lovers. They may be seen seated in every corner of the big marble hallway.

Some are sweet dreamers. To them the splendid palace is a temple of love.

Some are restless and hurried. They probably have sneaked away from business to get one lingering look. In exchange sweetens and to rush away again. From this refreshing meeting they gain courage, wisdom and ambition with which to pursue some new business adventure or solve a difficult problem.

The huge books in the art and architecture reference room form splendid screens if sup-

ported by a rack. When couples go there to pursue some fine art, whether Greek or Gothic, they get more information from a pair of blue eyes, or brown, than they do from the ancient volume before them.

You have heard of reading lips; be sure there are more ways than one! Though a lover has little chance for reading lips—either way—in the great reading rooms of the library, there is no law against reading hearts. The comfortable chairs and spacious tables have

advantages, for there are no signs saying, "Keep your hands above the table."

In the art exhibition room the gentle art of love is not wantful. It is displayed to great advantage, never loud, never crude, but subtle, due to the watchful eye of the guard. There before a great painting stand enraptured lovers contemplating somebody's "Paradise Lost."

Libraries are very well, but for knowledge seek love.

Who is wiser than love?